

HOW TO BUILD A VOICE

By Claudio Alsuyet

Vilma, my mother, chose my name. My middle name, Alberto, and my last name are the seal of the deepest emptiness of my life.

It is because of that emptiness that I started an eternal soliloquy where the ghosts that live with me, never answer me, I talk to them and they do not answer, only in dreams I see their gestures, but they never speak or maybe I cannot hear them. That's why my words become music, to tell them what they don't seem to express. I speak to them from my deepest feelings, finally, many of my ghosts are those who give sound to my words, since many of them exist, I see them, they are or were present. With some of them we sometimes drank mate and with others we also sometimes had a coffee.

That is why I build a voice that only transmits symbols that speak to the soul, since I do not know how to speak to man, to the human being.

Sometimes, only sometimes a poet says what I want to say, then I take his words and make them my voice, so that someone who is not me says them with the sound that my feelings give him.

That voice, which in the end are sounds that do not sound like my voice, justifies every day, every morning, every night.

As a result of this, I remember a fragment of my dear Mr. Julio Palacio written in a program on the occasion of a premiere: ... "Claudio Alsuyet is, to use the devalued term, an artist, he is someone who can transform his phantasmagoria into sound matter".

Once I decided, at least I think so, to be who I am by what I keep quiet, by what I don't say, and that is how my voice became a void that is expressed by my music.

I don't know, but one day I began to enjoy the voices of languages I don't know and don't understand. Their sounds take me to a world where I don't need to understand, just listen. I don't know what they say, I don't want to know either, they are just voices that sound, they are colors, they are feelings, longings, frustrations, anger, tenderness, that I perceive and I think I understand. Although I am not fooled, I know that I am an animal that can be easily tricked with words, using another intention in the tone of voice.

For not knowing how to speak, for not knowing how to write, for not knowing how to draw, I built this voice that is mine, because I think I made it, ... but now that I think about it a little more, it is the one I discovered and expresses me, the other one, the one that is produced in my vocal cords and comes out of my mouth, is only a poor instrument that describes with the symbolic sound of words what my interlocutor wants or can interpret and sometimes, only sometimes, when our experiences and feelings are similar we think we understand the same thing.

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